

Choice Poetry.

THE VETERAN.

Pope, that little flag you gave
To battle Will and I—
With pretty stripes of white and red,
And bits of stars—
We raised upon a pole today,
And as we made it float,
A young old man, with but one leg,
Came hobbling slowly past.

"That's right, my little son," he said—
"While I was in his eye;
"Send up your stars, to join
Their comrades in the sky!
For that loved flag this limb I gave,
When we for Right did strive,
And crushed Southern's hydra-head,
In eighteen sixty-five."

"The colors of that flag, my boys,
Were hallowed years ago,
When from our grandfathers' hands,
Blood striped with red the snow!
While for our State, a star of hope
Shone in the azure sky,
Directing them to 'Right in God,
And keep their powder dry!"

Then, Pa, he told us stories, too,
Of Andrew the brave,
Of Ellsworth, and a nighty tale,
Who slumber in the grave.
"Stand for the Right!" my boys," he said;
"And we're resolved, to-night,
When we get up, we'll raise our flag,
And battle for the Right!"

STAND BY YOUR CONGRESS.

Stand by your Congress! say, stand by me
Who strive to be the victor, and will be again!
Stand at the ballot-box! fearless and true—
These who have suffered are looking to you!
Stand by your country! no damage about
Shall put the grand army of freedom to rout.
Stand by your Congress! the day is at hand
Freedom and Justice shall rule in the land.
Stand by your birth-right! you stand not alone;
The God of your fathers His cause will still own.
Stand by your Congress! though hell shall arise!
Led on by the arch-devil, shall join in his train;
While a throng of earth's devils shall join in his train;
Once more to the breach, and a proud victory gain!

Select Tale.

RETRIBUTION.

"Hello, stranger, what you bound?"
The speaker was a tall, gaunt-looking
man, and it was easy to tell, by his garb,
accoutrements, and peculiar style, that he
was a hunter and trapper.

"Nowhere in particular, and nearly
everywhere in general, perhaps," I re-
plied. "And now, if I may be so bold,
what is your present destination?"

"Somewhat the same as yours; so I reck-
on we had better hitch teams. But
folks don't often travel in these parts 'less
they have some reason for it, or are going
somewhere?" he said inquisitively.

"Well, my friend—"

"You're a little fast—can't exactly
say whether I'm yer friend or not, 'till I
hear yer yarn—propel."

"Well, as I was about to remark, I
left the States in company with a party
of my friends and neighbors for California,
the newly discovered land of gold.
All went well, and the fates seemed propi-
tious, until three days ago, when we
were attacked by a prowling band of In-
dians. Five of our party were murdered,
and one—a young girl, carried off a cap-
tive."

"So you're after the gal, I take?"

"You surmise correctly. I will rescue
Eliza Lucy, or give my own life, a will-
ing sacrifice, to the accomplishment of
my purpose."

"Bully for you!" You're plucky, and
yer heart's in the right place, exactly;
and Jack Winters will stand by ye to
death. But how happens it that none of
yer crowd come 'long with ye? where are
all the gal's friends?"

"Her father and mother were among
the killed. I appealed in vain to the rest
of the party to accompany me. They
seem to have lost all energy, since that
dreadful night on which we were attack-
ed."

"Well, they're a pack of Continental
cusses—not Continental cusses, either,
exactly, for them Continentallers was
bull's heads; but they're a set of coward-
ly, craven-hearted, sneaking cusses—that's
what they are!" exclaimed my newly-
found friend.

Winters insisted on accompanying me,
and I was truly grateful to him for his
kindness in thus affording the benefit of
his skill and experience to an entire stran-
ger. So, teaming the trail which I had
been following, and which the Indians,
being a large party, took no trouble to
conceal, not dreaming of pursuit, we
pressed forward. Winters examined the
trail, and from its fresh appearance, con-
cluded that the Indians could not be far
off; and that by brisk riding we might
overtake them, and perhaps make an ef-
fort to rescue the object of our expedition
that very night.

It was now past noon, and we rode
rapidly forward until sun-down, after
which we advanced with more caution.
Some three hours after night fall we dis-
covered the camp-fire of the Indians. Dis-
mounting, and securing our horses in the
forest, we advanced cautiously, near
enough to obtain a perfect view of the
camp. The Indians, some thirty in num-
ber, were gathered around the fire, some
reclining restlessly on the ground, some
cooking, some eating, and some smoking,
while at the foot of a small oak, her head
bowed in utter hopelessness, sat the ob-
ject of our search. Oh! how I longed to
speak to her, to whisper even one word

of hope into her ear, to buoy up her
drooping spirit; and, but for the better
judgment of Winters, I should have
doubtless, by some foolish demonstration,
have betrayed our whereabouts to the In-
dians.

Scarcely two hours elapsed, before ev-
erything in the camp had become silent.
All seemed wrapped in slumber, except
two sentinels sitting quietly at opposite
ends of the camp. Anon they would be-
come drowsy, and springing to their feet,
would "walk their beat" until the lethargy
was shaken off. Not the slightest sound
broke the death-like stillness un-
til, by some unguarded movement, I caused
a rustling of the dry leaves with which
the ground was strewn. Quick as a flash
the sentinel nearest us straightened him-
self up, and started toward the place of
our concealment. Hurriedly cautioning
me to remain perfectly quiet, Winters
moved stealthily to a large tree almost
directly between me and the approaching
sentinel. Cautiously and with a cat-like
tread the Indian advanced. He gazed
the tree; he peered forward into the dark-
ness; he passed—but no; Winters' knife
is buried in his heart, while his left hand
is slightly grasped and he is dead.

Returning to my side, Winters
whispered:

"No trouble 'bout disposin' o' that
varmint; but ye had better keep yer wit
'bout yer, and not make any more noise,
for the next one might 'at be exactly so
easy to get rid on."

"I will be more cautious hereafter.
But by what means do you propose to ef-
fect the rescue?"

"Well, we might silence that other
cuss, and steal the gal away; but, for my
part, I don't want to leave a single devil
o' 'em alive."

"How will you do it?"

"Easy 'nuff. You stop at that big
tree. I'll leave my rifle with you, and
keep my revolver and knife myself. I'll
slip 'round, easy like, and try and give
the other cuss his last sickness. If I can
do that without raising a rumpus, there'll
be no trouble 'bout the rest. You keep
still till they get roused up, and then com-
mence bolliering 'em yeller 'like mad, and
shootin'." Ar' ye a good shot?"

"I swear him that I was."

"Then it's all as good as done!" and
before I could reply, he had disappeared.
After the lapse of a few minutes, I saw
the remaining sentinel start suddenly, as
if he had heard some unusual noise. He
then advanced cautiously to the place
where I supposed Winters to be conceal-
ed, or, course thinking he had alarmed the
sentinel. Suddenly the Indian was seized
and borne to the earth, and I saw no
more. My suspense was of short dura-
tion, however, for in less time than it
takes to record it, I saw Winters advanc-
ing toward the sleeping Indians, around
the smoldering fire. He approached,
and silently buried his knife in the heart
of the first Indian. Not a man stirred,
and with renewed confidence Winters
pressed forward. I saw him raise his
knife and plunge it into the breast of the
sleeping Indian next in his course, but
this time his aim was not so true. The
savage sprang to his feet, uttered a yell,
and fell back dead. In an instant every
one of the savages were on their feet.
Winters commenced firing his revolver,
and every shot "brought its man." I, too,
rushed in, yelling wildly and firing rap-
idly. The Indians were completely
panic-stricken. The number and rapid-
ity of our shots, and the body of their
elated companions, seemed to convey to
them the impression that they were at-
tacked by a large party. They fled pre-
cipitately, leaving us masters of the field.
In the melee, we had slain thirteen of the
Indians. Pretty good work, we thought,
for two men.

To some, this may seem improbable.
Let each remember that we had, in all,
twenty-two shots without reloading, each
being possessed of two good revolvers,
aside from our rifles.

Of course, the prisoner was rescued;
of course, she was grateful. I gave up
my project of going to California, and
returned with her to Virginia, where she
had many warm friends.

I don't know what more to say; but
if you will call in any evening, reader, I
will introduce you to Eliza Lucy, now
my wife, and leave it to your judgment
whether my reward is not greater than I
deserve.

I never heard from Jack Winters, since
we parted upon the prairie.

Hon. G. W. Schofield illustrated the
usefulness of the Democratic party, at a
campaign meeting in Ohio, by relating
President Lincoln's anecdote of the little
boy's yellow dog. The dog had become
a nuisance, and some mischievous fel-
lows, to put him out of the way, partly
filled a bladder with powder, stuck a
quill in it with a lighted slow match in-
serted, and fastened it to a piece of beef.
There was an explosion. The little boy
went to his father with his trouble, deir-
ing to know what was to be done. The
father, who was a pious man, and was
in the habit of using big language, said:
"As regards the dog, my son, if you
wish my opinion about him, I think
he is of no use—as a dog."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati
Commercial says the girls of the blue-
grass region of Kentucky are the hand-
somest in the country, but are good for
nothing as wives. They are more ornamental
than useful.

A contemporary calls Secretary Seward
the "boy with the Auburn hair."

Miscellaneous.

TO THE FRONT AGAIN, PHIL!

To the front again, Phil! they are threatening your line
To the front, the temple that levels the plain
To the front, as of old, when from Winchester town,
To rally the rest, you came thundering down!
Side flashes and fast there are perils in heaven—
There are pledges to keep, there's a country to save.
How they'll start when they catch the shiny ring of your
sword!

Ride for life! ride for death! there are traitors in camp!
He springs to the saddle—he spurs with diadems,
The treacherous counsel that seeks to detain—
He will one day "twist the fillet and the reins,
For the gray shows too plainly, though hid 'neath the blue,
It's off to the rescue, outspending the wind,
And the Cabinet's craft he has left far behind.

What rider comes galloping fast from afar,
His charger's hoofs ringing above the wild war?
Head eagerly forward—eyes fixed in the front—
Tooth and lip parted. What means the wild night?
They are here—they know him—they feel his strange might!
And columns re-form that were scattered in flight—
Then echoes the shout from the legions of blue:
"Phil! Seward's with us, and victory, too!"

A New Story of Artemus Ward.

In Sports, August Several, 1867.

This letter was written on the backs of
envelopes in various pilot houses. I
make it a rule to have no method except
the rule whenever I go travelling. Did
you ever hear of the late Artemus Ward's
experiment in travelling without a meth-
od? He left New York by a night boat.
Directly a man spoke to him, saying,
"Going West, sir?"

Said Artemus, "I suppose so." Then
said the man, "As I am from the West,
we'll go drink."

"Do you drink brandy?" said the man.
"I suppose so," said Artemus.
"Where in the devil be you going?"
said the man.

"Well, I'm going anywhere for a month.
Just as other folks lead me! I've trav-
elled with purpose till I'm sick. A pur-
pose is worse than baggage. I'm going
on: that's all I know."

The man said he was with Brown till
death. He had never done anything a
purpose. "So," he said, "suppose we
go to my state-room and try a hand at
poker."

They played poker until daylight,
when Brown was very tight. He had
lost four or five hundred dollars. A sec-
ond man joined them at Albany. "So
you two be travelling by chance, as you
say? Well! I'm with you to the death."
They got off the boat, and a
hack driver said: "Where do you want to
go, gentlemen?" "Anywhere, go on!"
He drove to a bar-room with much alac-
rity. There they made so much noise
that the proprietor cried, "Where are you
going, men?" "Don't care," "Then,
go on!" They met a policeman on the
sidewalk. "Where are you bound?"
"Anywhere!" "Then, I suppose the
station house will suit." Charley Brown
was pulled up before the Judge next day;
he gravely gave the name of Gerrit
Smith, and Gerrit was fined for drink-
ing. "Where now?" cried the three
purposeless ones. They saw a sign—
"Utica train"—and they went to Utica.
There a stage driver hailed them.—
"Where be you going?" "Anywhere!"
So they started for Trenton Falls. The
third day of rolling they took a po-
tato ride, up into the wilderness, permit-
ting the stage to select their own route.
Suddenly the original man produced a
pistol.

"Hand out your money!" he cried
very sternly, to Brown.

Brown complied with the greatest com-
placency.

"We brought you here to rob you?"
said the second man.

"Then, said Brown, "you're duced
swindlers! We were to travel without
method, and you've had a method all
along. I don't care a nonpareil whether
you shoot me or not; but I won't have
the travelling contract broken."

"We said," cried the first man, cold-
bloodedly, "that we'd follow you to the
death. You're up to that point now
party close."

"I object to nothing," said Brown; "I
said I would travel anywhere. You
stunked me! Put up your iron! we'll
spend all this money together, any way."

The two thieves laughed. "You're
cool enough!" they said; "what are you
by name and business?"

"I'm Artemus Ward!"

"Did you write the visit to the Sha-
kers?"

"Yes!"

"Well, Bill, put up your gun! I
thought this was Artemus Ward! We'll
spend his money instead of his blood."

But Charley Brown grew methodical
on the home route, and started for New
York alone.

A letter from "Julesburg" says that in
one day, recently, there were two street
fights, hung a man, rode three men out
of town on a rail, got up a quarter-race,
a turkey shooting, a gender pulling, a
match dog fight—had preaching by a
circus rider, who afterwards ran a foot-
race for the apple-jack all round; and,
as if that was not enough, the Judge of
the Court, after losing his fees at single-
handed poker, and whipping a fellow for
saying he didn't understand the game,
went out to help lynch his grandfather
for horse stealing!

A Wisconsin paper lately suspended
its issue, because the printer girl and ap-
prentice boy had gone into a neighboring
County to pick hops.

Mr. Seward as a Benefactor and a Patriot.

The Toledo Blade (Nash's paper) takes a hopeful and consoling view of Mr. Seward's self-sacrifice in staying in the Cabinet for the sake of completing negoti-
ations by which an immense area of outlying domain is to be added to the country. It deprecates further criticism of his continuation in such society as Mr. Johnson is gathering around him, and of his disposition to spend a national fortune in picking up stray territory. The bargain for Russian America was a good one. "Roussseau has sailed for St. Petersburg, and there is a prospect that a score or more of similar nuisances will follow him as soon as offices can be fixed for them. And this consideration leads us to advo-
cate territorial expansion. The inhabitants of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, were wont, in the olden time, to look with anxiety for a rise in the Ohio sufficiently to carry out coal boats, for the reason that the roughs were in the habit of going to New Orleans upon them, relieving the city of their presence for three months, at least, to say nothing of those killed on the way and after their arrival. The acquisition of new territory operates similarly. It is a safety valve, in permitting the escape of the miserable mercenaries who, if confined within fixed limits, would burst the national boiler. Texas carried off the choicest collection of cut-throats the world ever saw, and New Mexico, California and Kansas served as depositories for the accumulated wickedness of the political alums of the various States in the Union. What would have been the consequence to the country if such men as Shannon, Stringfellow, and the men sent out by Pierce and Buchanan as officials to Kansas, and by the Southern Emigration Society to back them, had remained in the older States? Walrusia will serve a similar purpose. As we stated, Roussseau has already departed, and to run the government of that country many more will be required. As President Johnson has the appointment of them, the hope of the very class most desirable to be of the class whose absence will be hailed as a most fortunate thing for the country. Therefore we applaud Secretary Seward's determination to stay in the Cabinet until more territory is acquired. The acquisitions are, it is true, leeches upon the treasury, but leech-like they take vast quantities of bad blood out of the country as well. Let him get enough to provide places for Steadman, Randall, Binkley, Conover, (when he shall be pardoned,) Mr. Cobb, and hundreds of others now afflicting the country with their presence, and who have settled around him as naturally as vultures cling to a carcass. To get rid of them, the country will submit to almost any sacrifice."

ROBBERY ON THE RAIL.—The Chicago Post considers the following, from the Dubuque Times, as "personal."

"We understand the dirty, filthy, lousy hog, Henry Clay Dean, never looked so well as he did when in this city, on Tuesday evening last. It is also said that he was indebted to Sam Kirkwood for his clean shirt. Kirkwood took pity on the filthy 'hog,' and gave him a change of linen—the only change Dean has had for two months."

Perhaps it is, but isn't it almost excusable, when taken in connection with the following, clipped from a recent speech made in Albany by this same H. Clay Dean, who is now leading the Democratic canvass in Iowa:

"I'll tell you about Jeff. Davis. Abe Lincoln had a little difficulty with him, and I make it a rule never to interfere with backguards. There never was a crime perpetrated in the history of the world, that has not had its exact counterpart in the conduct of Mr. Lincoln. Abe Lincoln was a liar and a perjurer, and had paid larceny written all over his body, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot."

We do not approve of calling men names; and besides, calling such a fellow as that a hog, is altogether too rough on the hog.

Swapping has been resorted to a science by a genius in Vestal, New York, who bought an old watch for one dollar and a half, and a jack-knife for seventy-five cents; traded the knife for an old sheep, traded the watch and gun for an old white horse, one pig, one spring wagon with two wheels, and two dollars in money; besides working the old horse five days on the canal.

The late tipsy and brilliant Senator McDougal was the first man to detect Andrew Johnson's drunkenness, on the 4th of March, 1865, the day of his disgraceful exhibition at his inauguration. McDougal, himself well in liquor, listened a few minutes to the idiotic harangue, and, turning to an eminent Senator who sat near him, remarked, in a husky voice: "I say—you; when I talk in that way—you think—I'm drunk."

It is stated that Brigham Young is about to petition Congress for an appropriation to take the census of his whole family.

In Trieste, if a cholera patient does not call in medical attendance, he is imprisoned for six months, in case he lives so long.

"Intelligist" is the last name applied to editors.

Useful and Curious.

To Keep Sweet Potatoes Over Winter.

The farmers in this region of country have great difficulty in keeping sweet potatoes through the winter. A "Jerseyman," who was partly raised in a sweet potato "patch," informs us how they keep their potatoes in Jersey. We ate, a few days ago, a potato of last year's production, brought from Jersey, and it was "just as good as new." The Jerseyman has long since discarded the different modes of packing in sand, leaves, saw-dust, or anything else. They simply dig their potatoes in a dry spell, before frost, lay them out on the ground to dry in the sun, and before the dew of evening begins to fall, they haul out on the "patch" the boxes and barrels they propose to put the potatoes in, and lay them in carefully as eggs, so as not to bruise them.) They then haul them to the house and pile up the boxes and barrels in a corner of the kitchen carefully, so as not to bruise them; and if kept at the right temperature through the winter, they are bound to keep, if you don't eat them.

PONDS AND WELLS.—Now, when the ground has been so long perfectly dry, is the best time to make ponds and dig wells. Upon nothing so much as upon a full supply of good water does the health and comfort of the family, the farm stock and crops, depend; and where the water can be obtained now, it may be depended on during the whole year.

We knew a man who was remarkable for the great amount of work he could get out of his horses, and their uniform good condition on very moderate feed; he claimed that it all arose from his taking his horses to water when he wanted a drink himself. The horse had thus water very frequently, and only in small quantities.

At this season, animals lose flesh, the hog especially—more from the want of an abundant supply of water than any thing else. Now, when the ground is too dry and hard to plow for wheat, take the leisure time to secure plenty of water, by attending to the ponds, wells and cisterns. —Colman's Rural World.

TO KEEP POTATOES FROM ROTTING.—The Germantown Telegraph is authority for the following, which may be worth something to farmers whose potatoes already show signs of rotting badly:

The surest protection against rot in the potato, after being harvested, there is no question, we think, is air-dried lime. Let the lime be sprinkled over the bottom of the bin before filling, and repeat the application at each foot of potatoes as the bin is filled up. The quantity is what a farmer would call a good sprinkling. Potatoes should be excluded from the light, and where convenient, covered with old carpet, etc. When buried out of doors, a heavy dry spot should be selected, which can be thoroughly drained, and then pursue the same course with the lime as before. A vent must of course be left in the top for the escape of the confined air.

FORCED TOMATOES.—Prepare the following forcemeat: Two ounces of mushrooms minced small, a quantity of shallots, likewise minced, a small quantity of parsley, a slice of lean ham, chopped fine, a few savory herbs, and a little cayenne and salt. Put all these ingredients into a saucepan, with a lump of butter, and stew all together until quite tender, taking care that they do not burn. Put it by to cool, and then mix with them some bread crumbs, and the well-beaten yolk of two eggs. Choose large tomatoes, as nearly of the same size as possible; cut a slice from the stalk end of each, and take out carefully the seeds and juices; fill them with the mixture which has already been prepared, stew them over with bread and some melted butter, and bake them in a quick oven, until they assume a rich color; they are a good accompaniment to veal or calf's head.

TO REMOVE THE SKIN FROM PEACHES.—Make a lye as strong as possible of wood ashes and soft water. Fill a kettle with the lye, and, when boiling rapidly, drop in twelve or eighteen peaches, and take out again almost immediately, and immerse them in a pail of cold water. Take one in your hand, and you will perceive that the rind will slip off entirely, leaving a round, beautiful yellow ball; throw it immediately into another pail of pure water, and so proceed till all are done. This process will not injure the flavor of the finest peach, and once tried, the old-fashioned method of peeling with a knife will not be again adopted. If the lye is not strong enough, put into the kettle two dipperful of clean wood ashes.

PEACH PRESERVES.—One pound of sugar to one of fruit; put on the sugar, let it come to a boil, have the fruit pared and cut in large pieces, let them boil till thoroughly done, but not too soft; drain the fruit from the syrup, and place on flat dishes in the sun until they harden; then boil the syrup till thick, and pour all into a jar; add a little mace and tie up closely. A piece of writing paper cut to fit the jar, steeped in brandy and put over the fruit, will keep them.

It should be generally known that a small quantity of vinegar will generally destroy immediately any insect that may find its way into the stomach, and a little salad oil will kill any insect that may enter the ear.

The Fun of the Thing.

BITTER-HUMOR.

Der noble Ritter Hago
Von Schwillemundstein,
Rode out mit alpher and helmet,
Und he came to de banks of de Rhine.

Und say dere now a mare me'd,
Yet hadst'nt got noings on;
Und she say: "Oh, Ritter Hago,
Vere you gese mit yourself alone?"

Und he say: "I ride in de green wood,
Mit helmet and mit spear,
Till I come into ein Guesche,
Und dere I trike some bear."

Und den entphote de maiden
Yet hadst'nt got noings on;
Und she say: "Don't dret much of beapsh
Und gese mit yourself alone."

Und he pettee come down in de vasse,
Vere den's beaps of dinge to see,
Und he be a chempidid dinger,
Und dretf along mit me."

Und he see de fish a schweimen,
Und you entphote den drey ven—
So sang de vasser maiden,
Yet hadst'nt got noings on.

Und he dretf all full mit money,
In ships dat vent down of dret;
Und you helpf yourself, by dretf
To schimmaric crown of gold.

Shout look at dese dinges and watsch
Shout one den dretf dretf;
Come down and fall your bookets,
Und I'll gise you like ebery dinge.

Und you vassat mit your schappe and lgeet
Come down into der Rhine!
Dere ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vere filled mit gold-red wine!"

Dat fetched him—he stood all shpell-bound;
He potted his gese-tails down;
Dere dretf him onder der vasse,
Dere watsch mit noings on.

"If Dis Tail Come Out."—The following is an old joke, but it comes in a new dress, and we think it will bear pre-
serving:

Two darkeys in the West went out to hunt 'possums, &c., and by accident found a large cave with quite a small entrance. Peeping in, they discovered three young bear whelps in the interior.

"Look heab, Sam," said one; "while I goes in dah and gets de young bars, you jest watch beab for de old bar."

Sam got asleep in the sun, when, opening his eyes, he saw the old bear crouching her way into the cave. Quick as a wink he caught her by the tail, and held on like lightning.

"Hello, dar, Sam, what dark de hole dar?"

"Lord bless you, Jumbo, save yourself, honey; if dis tail come out, you'll find out what dark de hole!"

A GRACELESS SCAMP.—A scamp who used to raise particular purgatory about Middlesex College, had "taken a shine" to the daughter of a staid old deacon, who used frequently to invite him to dinner. The deacon called upon him one day, to ask the customary blessing; and not wishing to have it understood that there was any one thing he could not do, he made the effort. "Heavily recollecting all he could of the usual form, he began and made an excellent start of it, but he could not think how to close it off. It was easier to go on than to stop. Finally making a desperate dash at a period, he closed thus: "In conclusion, my dear sir, I remain your obedient servant."

GOOD.—A candidate for office, canvassing his district for votes, came upon a poor Mr. White, who had a vote to cast. For Mr. White was milking when Mr. Office Seeker found him.

"Shall I hold her?" asked he, seeing the animal was uneasy. The old man consented, the office-seeker took the cow by the horns, and the man proceeded with his milking.

"Have you had Lashell around here lately?" asked the candidate presently, referring to his rival.

"Oh, yes," said the old man; "he's behind the barn, holding the calf!"

An operator at Cumberland, Md., writes that a message was received there, the other day, to the following effect:

"Capt. 8—wants them."

[Sig.] NAL. LAMPS.

There was great wondering as to who in the name of common sense Mr. Nal. Lamps was, till one of the boys suggested that it might be made to read:

"Capt. 8—wants them signals lamps."

On one occasion, a gentleman was relating a painful story of a little boy who was called from his play to go to a neighbor's for some milk. As he was returning from his errand, the cars ran over him, killing him instantly. The gentleman was very pathetic, and at the close of his narrative there was a dead silence in the room, broken at last by one of the ladies of the company asking gravely:

"And what became of the milk?"

Mrs. Partington says she has the very same stockings he wore when he was in the Saphs and Minors regiment, only she had to darn 'em a little, by putting two feet on 'em one season, and two legs the next.

A man boasted of having eaten forty-nine eggs. "Why did you not eat one more, and make fifty?" asks Bonad. "Humph! do you want a man to make a hog of himself just for one egg?"

Mrs. Partington thinks the Japan tea tolerably good, but prefers the "Oolong."

For the Farmer.

Preparing Trees to Endure the Winter.

As animals endure exposure to storm and cold, the better when well fed and clothed, so do trees. If their shoots and buds are full and plump, and well supplied with healthful material contributed from clean, healthy leaves, the chemical movements which attend growth, assist greatly in maintaining the tree against cold, by heat, which is developed. In a thin, weakly tree this force is wanting. A great aid to the preservation of the tree, is a mulch or covering of the surface during the winter, with some vegetable material in a state of decomposition. This shelters the roots and imparts warmth, evolved by its slow combustion, and the more if heterogeneous matter is included, as in stable manure, for this is better. This application is of vastly more usefulness when applied in the autumn than if left till spring, not only on account of the shelter it affords, but because of its advancing a strong growth early in the spring, which becomes well ripened before winter; whereas, manure applied in the spring, especially if raw, often does not become effective until late in the season, when the wood should be ripening instead of growing. For a ripe, ruddy, well varnished and finished coat of bark, is, to the tree, what the coat is to the animal, and something more, and the effect of a very small break or rent in it shows how very important its perfect condition is, especially that of its outer skin or epidermis. It must be remembered that the bark only ripens well in full light. Trees, therefore, must have their wood both well ripened and well fed. —Country Gentleman.

How to Shoe A Vicious Horse.

Mr. F. Taylor, of Indianapolis, Indiana, communicates to the New York Farmer's Club a plan for managing vicious horses in shoeing. He says: Hitch your horse to a secure post with a noose rope halter sufficiently strong to be in no danger of breaking. Take another strong rope, say twenty-five feet long, make a running noose upon one end of it, throw this noose on the ground near his hind feet, and gently move him until he steps into the noose; pull your rope and tighten it around his leg well down toward the foot; if this should be the near hind foot, you then pass the end of the rope across his back to the off-side, bringing it back again under his neck across his breast, and then on the near side of the horse two stout men take hold of the rope and pull. They should pull gently but firmly, holding his foot close up against his side. A third person stands by his head and soothes him. Everything should be done kindly and gently, however much he may struggle. After he has given up, the smith should go forward of the foot and commence work upon it. The men at the rope may ease up just enough to give an opportunity to do so. I have rarely seen a horse make more than one or two efforts to relieve himself after the smith commences. In shoeing a horse in this way there is no great amount of muscular force required, and with ordinary care there is no danger in it, either to the parties performing the operation or to the horse.

MANAGEMENT OF FIREWOOD.—There is always a season in the fall, and just before the early rains come on, when there is leisure for getting together enough wood to last through the coming cold term. Every thing is dry at this time, and wood of poorer quality, which, if wet, would be valueless, can be drawn together and housed, making good fuel. This season is also a good time to go through the wood growth and pick up the fallen trees, limbs, and decaying trunks, and thus save much which could not be got after the snow falls. —American Farmer.

CORN SUGAR.—A wealthy company in New York has been experimenting for a year or so upon making sugar from corn. The result so far has not been successful as to sugar, but a fine article of syrup has been obtained, not so strong as cane syrup, but very pure and palatable. The company operates under a patent for which a large sum was paid.

The best time to select seed potatoes is when they are dug. As soon as they are brought to the surface and spread on the ground, the best can be selected with less difficulty than at any other time. Those that are perfectly matured and of good shape, having the marked characteristics of the variety and good average size, should be selected.

Some of the agricultural papers say that the American method of yoking oxen is wrong, and that the Spanish method is correct. The latter custom is to yoke them by the head, with pads to protect it from external injury, and by these means the animals can make use of the tremendous muscles of their neck and work easier than with the yoke upon their shoulders.

Equal parts of the tincture of perchloride of iron and the compound tincture of gentian, makes a capital tonic for horses suffering from general debility. One ounce of the mixture is the dose, twice, daily.

A Marylander has invented a lock designed to prevent accidents in the use of reaping or mowing machines.